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The Shape of Things

THE NINTH WEEK OF WAR ON THE VAST Russian front saw no essential change in the situation. The Nazis made important new advances, particularly toward Leningrad and in the region of the Dnieper bend, but they had to fight hard for every yard gained. On the central front the Red Army has launched heavy counter-attacks forcing the Germans to adopt defensive tactics in several places. The threat to Leningrad must be taken seriously, although the Nazis have difficult ground to cover before they reach the city. And even if they drive into the outskirts, they will still have a major battle before them if the Russians stick to their decision to defend the city to the last. As the long siege of Madrid showed, a great modern city defended with determination by its civilians as well as by its garrison is an extremely formidable obstacle. There can be little doubt that the population of Leningrad will respond to Marshal Voroshilov's appeal to defend it house by house. The loss of Leningrad would not mean the defeat of Russia, but it would be a heavy blow. The city is the cradle of the revolution and a great industrial center. It also has military significance, for its capture would render impossible the continued operation of the Baltic Red Banner Fleet, which has been playing a big role in harassing German communications.

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MR. CHURCHILL'S REPORT OF THE DRAMATIC Atlantic conference was not only one of his great speeches; it also provided an example, which President Roosevelt might well study, of the way a major political event should be presented to the people. We comment elsewhere on his pledge of British support for any measures taken by this country in the Far East and on his renewed warning of the dangers to America in Hitler's "one-by-one" technique. Also worthy of note was his choice of two of the "eight points" for special interpretation. With his usual realism he insisted that he and the President were not talking vaguely about a war to end war but were proposing effective measures to see that aggressors were disarmed and remained disarmed. On the other hand, he pointed out, in distinction to the

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mood of 1917 there is today no intention to cripple Germany economically. The lesson of Versailles that economic security is a necessary basis for political security has been well learned. The most moving section of the British Premier's address was his message to the conquered peoples. One by one he spoke to them, assuring them that their deliverance was being prepared. It is certain that despite all the Nazis can do to suppress it, this message will pass from ear to ear through Europe and will play its part in the support and growth of active opposition in the conquered lands.

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IN FORCING THEIR WAY INTO IRAN THE British and Soviet troops acted with a vigor and speed which have given heart to their supporters in every country. Even though German agents undoubtedly permeate the strategic Iranian oil fields and ports, their presence hardly constitutes an immediate menace; Hitler is too deeply engaged elsewhere. The danger lay in the future, and the anti-Axis allies for once forced the issue while there was still time to use preventive rather than last-ditch measures. Similar decisiveness might have averted a German invasion of Norway and the Low Countries. Even more recently, in Iraq and Syria, Britain risked defeat by inexplicable delay in taking the necessary military action. In the present instance the British and Russians appear to have been sufficiently forehanded. In addition to eliminating a Nazi threat to the rich oil fields of Iran, they have safeguarded the neighboring Baku and Iraq fields. Complete occupation of Iran will also provide a safe, though difficult, route for British and American aid to the Soviet Union. Although the advantages of opening this route can easily be overemphasized, the Iranian gateway provides an all-year port of entry and one which is reasonably close to the fighting front.

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JAPAN'S RETREAT ON THE QUESTION OF holding some hundred American citizens as hostages against this country's trade reprisals emphasizes once again how wrong our appeasers have been in appraising Japanese policy. Instead of seizing the East Indies and blindly defying our punitive measures, the Japanese have given in as they always have in the past under pressure. The basic reasons for Tokyo's retreat are shown in Donald W. Mitchell's analysis of their weaknesses, elsewhere in this issue. Japan's position has been further undermined by the recent landing of reinforcements at Singapore, including the largest body of R. A. F. flyers to arrive in more than a year. Mr. Churchill's speech made it clear that this force, along with the remarkable facilities of the Singapore base itself, would be available to support the United States in the event of a "shooting war" with Japan. This, if Mr. Mitchell is correct, would make it possible for us to defeat Japan fairly quickly. But Mr. Churchill said something else which is profoundly disturbing under the circumstances. He declared, possibly indiscreetly, that the United States is endeavoring "with infinite patience to arrive at a fair and amicable settlement" with Japan. This rather forcefully suggests that appeasement may still be the dominant policy of Washington. If so, the Japanese militarists may be tempted to risk at least one more adventure.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ORDER THAT THE shipyard at Kearny, New Jersey, be taken over and operated by the government because the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company had repeatedly refused to accept the settlement recommended by the National Defense Mediation Board was both logical and just. The government did not hesitate to send troops to the North American plant in Inglewood, California, when labor flouted the Mediation Board; it could not do less when the employer was the guilty party without sacrificing any claim to impartiality. Mr. Korndorff, president of the company, has obscured the real issue in his sanctimonious appeals to patriotism and the "right to work," just as the leaders of the union obscured the real issue in the Inglewood affair by their contention that they were fighting for the right to strike. The Mediation Board recommended in this case that employees who are members of the union or may become members must remain in good standing or lose their jobs; what Mr. Korndorff was careful not to point out, however, is that no employee is required to join the union. And Mr. Korndorff and his friends have been even more careful not to reveal the real significance of the Kearny dispute. The Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company is a subsidiary of United States Steel. Under the regime of Myron Taylor and Edward Stettinius, the corporation finally accepted the principle of collective bargaining and signed up with the C. I. O. The company's resistance at Kearny was part of a general attempt by Big Steel, now Taylor and Stettinius are out, to revert to the open shop. We are delighted that the attempt has been scotched.

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TWO STEPS ARE NEEDED TO PUT AN END TO the widespread suspicion and mistrust stirred up by the "oil shortage" in the East. One is disclosure of the true facts as to the British shortage of tankers. Our Washington editor is informed that the figures show a real need for American tankers, that the British have consented to their publication, but that the United States Maritime Commission has forbidden their release. The other step is the appointment of independent figures to the growing number of offices in Secretary Ickes's oil administration. So far, every official, beginning with his deputy,

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Ralph K. Davis of Standard Oil of California, has been drawn from the so-called "majors"—the companies whose interlocking interests and operations constitute the "oil trust." Whatever the situation as regards British tankers, the oil trust has been using the emergency for its own purposes at home. Senator Maloney of Connecticut has introduced a resolution in the Senate for an investigation, and the American Automobile Association is supporting him. Many who do not object to sacrifices for defense or aid to Britain resent exploitation of the emergency by the oil trust to increase its prices, profits, and security from anti-trust prosecution.

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TO BISHOP HOBSON, NATIONAL CHAIRMAN of the Fight for Freedom Committee, the nation is indebted for the exposure of the extraordinary document issued to soldiers participating in the Second Army maneuvers in Louisiana and Arkansas. The pamphlet deals with an imaginary war between Almat (France) and Kotmk (Germany) and "might well have been written by Goebbels," as Bishop Hobson said in a telegram of protest to Secretary Stimson. Glorifying Hitler's Germany, it provides the standard Nazi picture of the Versailles treaty, the decadence of democracy, the need to save the country from "communistic elements," and the virility of the German racial state. As shocking as the manual was the comment drawn from Colonel Walter B. Smith of the General Staff, the only officer willing to answer the Bishop's objections. "If they want some comment from the General Staff," Colonel Smith declared, "tell them that the German army is the best in circulation and if they know of a better one to let us know." What does the strength of the German army have to do with the distribution to our troops of a manual declaring that "medical authorities all over the world [what authorities?] held the Kotmk government's program up as the finest ever devised in the strengthening of the race"? How can one have a democratic army or fight a democratic war with undemocratic forces in the General Staff? A clean-up is called for.

F.D.R.'s Poor Reply

ON AUGUST 25, 1940, Senator Byrd declared that in the hundred days following the President's 50,000-plane speech in May only 343 planes were contracted for by the army and navy combined. The next day the President said that Senator Byrd's figures were correct, "but his implications dead wrong." Senator Byrd's speech in the Senate on August 19 of this year and the President's reply at his press conference on August 22 indicate that the Senator's figures are still correct, that Mr. Roosevelt is still trying to confuse the issue, and that the Senator's implications are still—though in a sense different from Mr. Roosevelt's—dead wrong.

The three-month lag in contracts for those 50,000 planes, as readers of I. F. Stone's series on Aviation's Sitdown Strike in *The Nation* last summer will recall, was due to a deliberate strike by capital to force special tax and profit concessions from the government. While Senators like Byrd were busy blaming the lag on a forty-hour week and Mr. Roosevelt was allowing himself to be misled by the glowing reports of Knudsen and Stettinius, the basic defect of the defense program was already visible. A defense program run by big business men was certain to subordinate the needs of defense to the desires of big business. Though Senator Byrd still cannot see it and Mr. Roosevelt still ignores it, this is the explanation for the shocking figures on defense production disclosed in the recent Byrd speech and in Mr. Roosevelt's reply.

Mr. Roosevelt's reply was unworthy of a great leader. The Senator made a few errors, but his over-all picture was correct, and it is more important to focus attention upon that than to obscure the picture by emphasizing a few minor mistakes. This is particularly true when the "corrections" turn out to be as appalling as the original charges. Mr. Roosevelt could find but four errors in the Byrd speech. The Senator said not a single tank had gone to England. The President declared that "hundreds of tanks of modern design . . . have been turned over to Britain." About 200 light twelve-ton tanks have been sent to Africa. No medium or heavy tanks have been sent. Senator Byrd said that a year after the war began we had but one modern anti-aircraft gun, that only about a dozen of the ninety-millimeter guns which can alone contend with high-flying bombers have been delivered, and that the schedule calls for only four a month in the last quarter of this year. Mr. Roosevelt's reply was that the schedule calls for delivery of sixty-one guns monthly and he thought that schedule would be achieved.

The President also asserted that the Senator was wrong in saying that only 15 thirty-seven-millimeter anti-tank guns would be produced monthly. Mr. Roosevelt said that actual production in July was 72 and that the schedule called for 320 in October. He also objected to Byrd's estimate that only 15 eighty-one-millimeter mortars would be produced monthly in the months ahead, declaring that the July output was 221, and that this month's would be 340. But here are a few of the Byrd statements which Mr. Roosevelt did not challenge: that we produced only 35 dive-bombers in May; that bomber production is only 60 a month (actually it is probably less than that); that for the year ending this September 1 our production averaged only 500 combat planes a month as compared with the Reich's 2,000 to 3,000 a month; that our production of merchant ships is

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so slow that in 1941 it will just about equal Britain's gross tonnage loss in one of the worst months of the year; that as late as sixty days ago we had only 128 light tanks, only one medium tank, and no heavy tanks. The most effective medium tank—and it was the medium tank which played so important a role in the Nazi victory in the west—will not get into production until May, 1942, according to Senator Byrd, and "no heavy fifty-ton tanks are in prospect or have been ordered." This isn't much of a showing for a country which calls itself "the arsenal of democracy."

This situation will not be remedied until Mr. Roosevelt realizes that the defense program cannot be run on a part-time basis between booms in civilian business and without interfering with monopolies in our basic resources. In an age of mechanized warfare it is folly to draft men and not to draft industry. And until Mr. Roosevelt gives industry a top sergeant with the will and power to make it obey orders, as the selectee obeys orders on the drill ground, defense production will continue to lag.

Vive la France!

"FRANCE," writes the Paris newspaper *L'Œuvre*, "is becoming one of the battlefields where the forces of the New Order confront those of destruction." This is a significant admission in a Nazi-controlled organ which uses the phrase "forces of destruction" to mean the peoples everywhere who are striving to overthrow Nazi tyranny and to frustrate Hitler's attempt to dominate the world. It is an admission that France is not knocked out of the war and that, inside the enemy's lines, Frenchmen by the million are fighting in the battle for freedom. They are fighting with bare hands against heavy odds, with no advantage save their numbers and their faith. In the occupied zone they face, in addition to the Vichy police, the German army and the Gestapo, which has raised repression to new heights of scientific brutality. In Vichy France they must bear the hostility of their own government, which slavishly duplicates every measure of suppression enacted by the Germans.

But the voice of Vichy is not that of France. For the true republic Edouard Herriot, former Premier and mayor of the great city of Lyons, speaks in the September issue of the *American Mercury*. A semi-prisoner in his own land, he cannot comment freely on current events. But reminiscing about his travels in Britain and the United States he has found means to convey his lack of sympathy for the Pétain regime and his confidence in the final victory of democracy. Speaking of his part in establishing the Entente Cordiale he says: "I have been convinced that Great Britain and France are two complementary nations destined together to defend liberty, human individuality, human justice. I believe it today in 1941 just as I believed it in 1906." Turning to America he pays a warm tribute to our democratic institutions, which the New Order declares outmoded, and to the President—the constant butt of the French Quislings.

No one who has known France can believe that Pétain is a better spokesman for its present hopes than M. Herriot. When the old Marshal asks Frenchmen to follow him blindly into the Nazi camp, we can be sure that the instinctive reaction of the overwhelming majority is to increase the vigor of their resistance to their conquerors. Even Parliament, now doomed to extinction, is recovering its morale, and more than a hundred deputies gathered in rump session have gone on record against Vichy's pro-Nazi policy. The new wave of incidents in France follows closely on Pétain's appeal for support for more extreme measures of collaboration. The Nazi authorities, echoed by the jackals of the Paris press, are attempting to pin responsibility for sabotage and agitation on the Communists and the Jews. We have no doubt that since the Nazi attack on Russia French Communists have become a formidable opposition, but if Communists and Jews were the sole opponents of the New Order in France, the Nazis and their handful of French collaborators could rest easily. The fear made manifest by mass arrests, executions, and the taking of hostages betrays a realization that it is the vast majority of the French population which must be coerced. And for that task all the apparatus of repression, all Himmler's sadistic ingenuity, will never suffice.

What War Is Our War?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IF TOMORROW Japanese troops, ignoring the warnings of the United States and Britain, should march across the borders of Thai, and if the day after tomorrow President Roosevelt should ask Congress to declare war on Japan, Congress would adopt the necessary resolution without delay and by an overwhelming majority. And if Japan, *en passant*, should make a hostile gesture in the direction of the Philippine Islands or mention them as logical members of the Eastern Asia Coprosperity Sphere, the vote would be unanimous. No isolationists would be heard discussing the 5,000 miles of water between San Francisco and Tokyo or the patent impossibility of a Japanese invasion of the United States. This war would be a necessary war; and from the start it would be a popular one.

Yet a fight with Japan would be as close to an old-fashioned imperialist war as any the United States could get itself involved in. Dress it up as we might, the fact would remain that we never seriously interfered with Japan's aggressions until Japan's aggressions interfered

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with our trade. Five years of Japanese invasion of China, with a record of wanton destruction unsurpassed by Hitler's most effective *Schrechlichkeit,* produced nothing more than a series of sorrowful rebukes from the United States. The minor restrictions on shipments to Japan established from time to time were only in the nature of a diplomatic frown. They never interfered in the slightest degree with the supply of war materials necessary to the continued slaughter of our Chinese friends; Japan's imports, in fact, rose steadily until the hour of its invasion of Indo-China.

Then suddenly we discovered an aggression that *was* an aggression. Action followed: a curtailment of oil shipments; an end to silk imports; a prohibitive impost on Japanese crabmeat; solemn, hurried consultations with Britain; last-minute warnings. Whether the immediate crisis is eased over or not, the whole course of events in the Far East shapes up for ultimate war. Japan moves ahead on the momentum of its own aggression, encouraged from behind by Berlin; the United States moves in defense of interests which, by a strange quirk of the American mind, seem closer and more vital than those involved in the struggle in Europe.

Why is it that Americans, east and west, left and right, isolationist and interventionist, respond with greater pugnacity to the lesser threat of Japan? We all know, as well as Churchill knows, that Hitler, not the Mikado, is the leader of the world front against freedom. We know, too, that the fall of England would threaten our safety ten times, a thousand times, more directly than the fall of Singapore or the Philippines. We are building a huge military apparatus to meet the menace of Hitler's conquering machine, and we are straining to help Britain resist the fate that has overwhelmed the rest of Europe. Yet, today, if Germany moved troops into Spain or occupied Dakar, while the President might make some counter-move of a strictly defensive nature, he would not dare ask Congress for a declaration of war.

Why? Why are we ready to fight Japan and unready to fight Hitler? Why should a war in Asia, in the popular view, be "our" war in a sense a war in Europe can never be? The answer is an easy one. Asia is an old American hunting ground. We have shared it, peaceably on the whole, with other imperialist nations. Our oil-company offices and our missionary compounds stand alongside theirs, and our marines stand guard with theirs in the international settlements. Our possessions, however modest, dot the wide areas of the Pacific along with those of the British and French and Dutch. Our battleships help patrol the important trade routes. The imperialism of the United States in Asia has never been grandiose or very aggressive, but it has been remunerative. Now it is threatened. And it is threatened by the rapacity of an aspiring Oriental imperialism which seeks quite shamelessly not only to conquer and tyrannize over its neighbors—that we have shown a capacity to tolerate—but to freeze out the trade and finally to grab the possessions of its fellow-imperialisms of the West. This is not to be endured, especially when the ambitions of the Japanese upstart threaten sources of materials necessary to the building of our own expanding war machine.

We weep over China; but we will fight for tin and rubber and oil.

In my belief we should fight for these products. We need them in our main business—the business of resisting the sweep of tyranny across the world. If a note of cynicism has crept into this analysis of American motives it is because of our patent reluctance to fight against tyranny when our commercial interests are—or appear to be—less directly involved.

If Hitler were to drop two or three incendiary bombs into the oil tanks at Curaçao or put a landing party ashore at Tampico, those moves would be no more dangerous to America's real interests than the drive of his armies toward the Caucasus. But they would be better understood, and lack of understanding is today the chief danger facing the American people.

Hitler, however, is not likely to oblige us with bombs. His strategy toward America is plain as a pikestaff, and no one has put it better than Churchill did last Sunday:

> Why is Hitler striking at Russia and inflicting and suffering himself this frightful slaughter? It is with the declared object of turning his whole force upon the British island. And if he could succeed in beating the life and strength out of us—which is not so easy—then is the moment when he will settle his account—and it already is a long one—with the people of the United States and generally with the Western Hemisphere. "One by one"—there is the process, there is the simple, dismal plan which has served Hitler so well. It needs but one final successful application to make him master of the world.

But the hour for that final thrust has not arrived, and it will not arrive as long as Britain and Russia still offer vigorous resistance, unless the help of the United States becomes so large a factor in their resistance that Hitler dares no longer stay his hand. Meanwhile he will continue to provide a heroic example of forbearance, deploring but not retaliating against such "aggressive" and "provocative" acts as the American occupation of Iceland and the extension of the sea patrol.

Will the people of the United States wait until he finishes off his last European victim and decides the time is ripe for a direct and open attack on American interests? The hour calls for a show of imagination. We must try to understand even the meaning of Hitler's technique of restraint. We must realize that the death of freedom in Europe spells disaster to this country as certainly as the loss of our shipping routes in the western Pacific. We must learn while there is still time to act.

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The New Labor Board

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 24

SECTION 7 of the Wagner Act guarantees workers the right "to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." It does not add, "provided the representatives chosen are satisfactory to the employer." The Wagner Act does not say this, but the National Labor Relations Board has now said it. On Thursday the board ruled in the Clayton and Lamberton Manufacturing Company case that an employer might refuse to negotiate with a union unless the union got rid of the committee it had elected to negotiate with the employer.

Strange things have been happening at the Labor Board. The ruling in the Clayton and Lamberton case is not the only one in recent months which has amended the Wagner Act as drastically as any chamber of commerce has dared suggest. It would seem elementary that to permit strike-breakers, hired to replace strikers, to vote in a representation election would defeat the purposes of the Wagner Act. The employer could pack the election by hiring enough scabs. This was clear enough to the old Labor Board when it decided the Sartorius case, and it seemed clear enough to the courts, which upheld that ruling and succeeding decisions based upon it. In May of this year, in the Wurlitzer case, the Labor Board reversed the Sartorius doctrine and ruled that strike-breakers might vote.

If workers are to be free to bargain through representatives of their own choosing, they must be free from interference by the employer in choosing those representatives. And the Wagner Act so provides. Yet in the Seagram case earlier this year the board held that an employer's foremen might tell employees what union to join. Testimony accepted by the majority of the board showed that employees were not only urged to join a particular union but warned that they had better do so if they wanted to retain their jobs. Bargaining is meaningless if it is not carried on in good faith. An employer under union pressure may decide that his best course is "voluntarily" to raise wages or cut hours to discourage unionization. The board and the courts have held in the past that to do so in the midst of negotiations indicates bad faith. In the Western Printing Company case a few weeks ago the board ruled otherwise.

In 1937 Dave Beck's Teamsters' Union threatened to stop delivering the Seattle *Star* unless the paper forced twenty members of its circulation department to leave the Newspaper Guild and join the Teamsters. When the Guildsmen refused to do this, the *Star* replaced them with Teamsters. The case went to the Labor Board, which held that the employer could not plead coercion by another union as excuse for an unfair labor practice. This precedent was reversed a few days ago when the board held in the New York and Puerto Rico Steamship case that coercion by the C. I. O.'s American Communications Association excused the discharge of employees who were members of the A. F. of L.'s Commercial Telegraphers' Union.

These decisions are full of helpful hints for employers. They show how militant negotiating committees may be eliminated, how representation elections may be packed, how one union may be played off against another, how the vigor can be taken from a union drive by posting notices of better working conditions in the midst of negotiations, and how an employer may arrange a little "coercion" to excuse a violation of the Wagner Act. The same cases provide another helpful suggestion to employer counsel. It is the importance of preventing the reappointment of Edwin S. Smith to the Labor Board. Smith, whose term expires on August 26, was the dissenter in all of them. Without his presence Harry A. Millis and William M. Leiserson, the majority of the board, might feel free to go farther on the road toward the transformation of the Wagner Act.

Employers are fortunate that the A. F. of L. is prepared to stand firmly with them against Smith's reappointment. By "A. F. of L.," of course, I mean its leaders. Rank-and-filers might be surprised if they looked more closely into Smith's record, which is supposed to be anti-A. F. of L. An A. F. of L. union was endangered by the Millis-Leiserson decision in the Wurlitzer case. Two A. F. of L. unions, the Bookbinders and the Printing Pressmen, suffer by the Millis-Leiserson ruling in the Western Printing Company case. It was Smith who dissented in behalf of the A. F. of L. Telegraphers in the recent steamship case. Smith has held for the A. F. of L. against the C. I. O. in the question of the proper bargaining unit. An example was his dissent last January in behalf of the A. F. of L. glass workers against the C. I. O. in the Armstrong Cork case. The real cause for bitterness against Smith is that he has always opposed the kind of "unionization" in which an anti-union employer makes a deal with the A. F. of L.—or the C. I. O. —and uses his foremen as "labor organizers."

I don't think there is much chance that the President, who has been trying for several years to take the starch

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out of the Labor Board, will reappoint Smith. But it is a pleasure to pay tribute here to one of the truest friends American labor ever had, a man of integrity and intellectual distinction, now being punished for his independence. The history of administrative bodies set up to protect the rights of under-dogs indicates that most of them sooner or later come under the control of the interests they were supposed to police. The Labor Board seems headed in the same direction. Smith's reappointment would be one way to slow the fatal trend.

Yorkshire Journey

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, August 23, by Cable

I SPENT most of last week in Yorkshire. In the homes of miners and steelworkers, at lunch and tea with big business executives, I inquired about the relations between labor and capital. The answer was unanimous: they've never been better. In a large factory I cornered a score of workers individually and asked what were their complaints. They said they were earning more money, the food wasn't as varied as before but adequate, and they appreciated the canteens established by the borough authorities or the employers where any citizen can every day buy meat, green vegetables, and potatoes with bread for sixpence, a sweet for twopence, a cup of tea for a penny. The quality of the beer has deteriorated; the quantity is the same, though more people drink. More people also smoke. At the same works I talked privately with the shop steward, who obviously was a Communist, though he denied it. He told me that the shop stewards meet monthly with the factory chiefs and air their grievances, which are quickly redressed. In the presence of a leading trade unionist who accompanied me, a prominent Yorkshire capitalist recalled an occasion during the last war when Lloyd George was howled down by Glasgow workers. Strikes then were numerous and virulent, but now, he added, strikes are practically unknown. He explained this by the general conviction of all classes that this war means national survival; also workingmen are impressed by the excess-profits tax. The trade unionist nodded his assent. The government collects in taxes every penny of profit above the plant's earnings in a recent normal pre-1939 year. It has also raised the pre-war income tax from six shillings in the pound to ten. If a corporation lost money before the war, the Chancellor of the Exchequer levies an excess-profits tax after allowing 6 per cent profit. Where new capital is required which capitalists cannot furnish, the government supplies it. The employers operate the new plants for the state on a commission basis.

Everywhere I saw a shortage of labor. Hundreds of women are in the steel mills and gun foundries, but even women are scarce, for many have gone into the armed services and wear uniforms similar to the men. It is estimated that only one-tenth of the R. A. F. personnel ever fly; the remainder are engaged in ground work like charting or communications, in which women are as proficient. The same applies to the army and navy, both of which have enlisted hundreds of thousands of women.

Few workers in the munitions industry are subject to conscription, and they may volunteer for the armed services only to become pilots, but thousands of miners have been called up by the army. Coal production suffers as a result. Attempts to bring back miners who left the fields during the long years of underproduction have proved ineffective, and the problem remains grievous. To stimulate output and combat absenteeism arising from high wages and longer hours, the miners are paid a bonus of a shilling daily if they work six consecutive days. By agreement with the government the owners pass on the bonus to the coal consumers, but the miners resent this approach and demand a flat pay increase even if they take a day off in the middle of the week.

A considerable number of workingmen insisted that their factories were producing below capacity and showed me machines not fully used. Another difficulty is a raw-material shortage due to disrupted sea communications. This shortage has been lessened by the arrival of American steel and iron, which I saw in the yards, but an equally serious cause of shortage is the inadequacy of the domestic transport system; and employers as well as workers argued in favor of nationalizing the railways.

Each mine owner in Britain ships his coal to market in his own small wooden freight cars. Then these toylike boxes must be shunted back hundreds of miles to the mine. Since the war all the coal cars have been pooled and their movements planned so as to require the minimum of travel. The fact that this sensible expedient could only be applied in war time though it greatly increases efficiency is a reflection of the backwardness of the British economy. This impression was confirmed by my observations in the steel mills. Every tour in a factory begins with a thrilling reference to its ancient origins. I liked this legitimate pride. The plants' hoary history and the archaeological remains dug up on the sites interested me, but shops which have grown up around poor iron

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deposits and thin coal seams first tapped during the Roman occupation, whatever innovations have been tacked on, are insufficient to win this machine-age war.

Inflation, then the Dawes Plan, and finally the Nazis' rearmament dynamics gave Germany a brand-new industry. That was Germany's advantage over France. That is Germany's smaller but still considerable advantage over Britain. My biggest impression from a trip in the north, an impression which is shared by men who know industrial England better than I do, is that England with its present industrial equipment cannot develop sufficient offensive capacity to win this war; that capacity must come from America.

In Yorkshire I started a "Gallup poll" which I continued here in London. I asked fifty people whether they thought Hitler would invade Britain. Of every ten, four said yes, four no, two said, "Well, you know he might as a last resort." In a sooty little Pittsburgh I put this question to the president of the local Rotary Club, which had induced me to sum up its luncheon discussion on post-war reconstruction planned before they knew of my coming. (The eight points have enormously stimulated the peace-aims debate.) The Rotarian dignitary said Hitler might, and if he doesn't there will be a million and a half disappointed Home Guards.

I had much opportunity to observe the Home Guard. It consists of men below or above conscription age, and also of men whose employment on munitions gives them exemption from the draft. Most of them are officers and veterans of World War I. Nobody gets pay until the invasion. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and volunteers, as privates are called, wear the same khaki uniform, but the discipline is perfect. Off duty there is the fullest democracy, for in one town I visited, a member of Parliament was a volunteer and his secretary was his lieutenant colonel. Factory directors march beside the factory errand boy, all eager and serious. I saw some men, after working ten and twelve hours in the factory, leave the plant, wash, eat a hasty meal, don a uniform, and rush to the outskirts for one of their two evenings per week of training; in addition they do guard duty at least five hours weekly. One group I inspected was armed with American rifles and tommy guns. They asked me to appeal to America for more automatic arms. In industrial areas men improvise flame throwers and make armored cars out of old motor cycles and trucks and anything they can repair. However, their chief asset is their knowledge of the terrain. They boast they could defeat the regular British army because they are acquainted with every rock, road, and tree, and they promise to annihilate every German who enters their area. One member told me he didn't expect an invasion. "Then why not disband the Home Guard?" I suggested provocatively. "No," he said, "he won't invade because he realizes the Home Guard is on guard." In defense this unique people's militia, outfitted by the army, will give a fine account of itself.

I watched a Home Guard battalion line up to do some rifle drill, then march to a meadow for training in signaling, stretcher bearing, grenade throwing, and tommy-gun target practice. A moment later I followed them to the meadow. I stopped where two men were filling in holes in the road. I said to one, "How old are you?" "Double six," he said in his Yorkshire dialect—sixty-six. He had worked on a mine face since the age of thirteen. We calculated he had spent a total of thirty years in darkness. He is now working on a seam two feet three inches thick. He showed us how he dug. He sat down on the side of his foot and lowered his head until his right cheek was two feet above the ground. Then he made horizontal motions with both hands as though he held a pick. After eight hours at that job he had come home an hour ago, removed some of the coal dust from his face—his nose and chin were still black—swallowed some food, and now was improving the road so the Home Guard would have easier access to its training field. He laughed a lot, showing toothless gums, and complained only that the beer didn't taste the same. He got six shillings' bonus each week because he absented himself only on Sunday. "I'm digging his grave," he shouted as I moved on.

I said to one important industrialist, "Suppose two years hence you have not won the war and the bombings continue, won't you be ready to consider a Nazi peace offer?" Thereupon this gentleman, who had been polite and urbane for an hour, reddened and launched a terrific tirade. "With that bloody scoundrel and blackguard, never." The British spirit certainly is willing.

I visited several key towns where industrial units are strung out for miles. The amount of industrial damage from air raids is startlingly insignificant, though in some places the homes and many big retail shops have been leveled. There is therefore considerable bitterness against the Germans but no plans for revenge after victory.

I sat in a cozy cottage surrounded by flowers, belonging to an M. P. British bombers were humming overhead, going to bomb Germany. The occupants of the house were gleeful. We went out and saw the dark giants flying eastward, then returned to the parlor. I played with the radio dial and got some music. My hosts beat time. Suddenly a German voice made an announcement. Immediately Lord Haw Haw's substitute in Breslau came on and gave his sixth lecture on Phyllis Moir's "I Was Churchill's Private Secretary." Using it as a text he attacked the Prime Minister vituperatively. My hostess fumed, but the Britons present agreed that this sort of propaganda hurt the Nazis. The siren announced that a German bomber was approaching. I went to bed. The night was quiet. At dawn as I lay in bed I heard the British bombers returning from Germany.

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How to Beat Japan

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WHEN American and Japanese representatives signed the Washington Naval Limitation Treaty of 1921, the warmongers of their respective countries were disappointed. In the view of American naval men the United States, lacking naval bases in the western Pacific, would have little chance of winning a decisive victory in the Far East against a Japanese navy 60 per cent as strong as its own; Japan, with its smaller fleet and its distance from American outposts, saw that it was completely unable to take the initiative in American waters. If hostilities should break out, the two powers seemed destined to pass through a period of prolonged face-making across 7,000 miles of watery no man's land.

But that was 1921. Since then many changes have occurred. Both Japan and the United States have developed naval stations in the central Pacific. The range and effectiveness of the bomber have been multiplied many times. Destroyers get greater mileage from a given quantity of fuel, and the means of refueling at sea have been vastly improved. The restraining influence of other powers has been removed. Finally, an unwritten alliance between Great Britain and the United States has made Britain's bases available to American men-of-war.

It is a naval axiom that the effectiveness of a fleet at sea is decreased in exact proportion to its distance from bases. In the eastern Pacific, within the triangle formed by the Canal Zone, Hawaii, and the Aleutians, American sea power is clearly supreme. Two of the points of this triangle, the Canal Zone and Hawaii, are among the half-dozen most strongly fortified areas in the world. The defenses along the Pacific Coast are not too formidable but are being improved, as are those of the Aleutians and Alaska. The suggestion to acquire bases in the Cocos and Galapagos Islands is a good one. The west coast of South America, being even farther from Japanese bases, is also comparatively secure. With the advantage of interior lines we do not need additional continental or island bases in that region, especially since it has been decided to build up the defenses of Samoa.

Farther west, however, the situation is much less favorable. Beyond Hawaii the United States does, indeed, have numerous island outposts, some partly fortified and some with lately completed air and submarine bases. In a line running north and south west of Hawaii are the American islands of Midway, Johnson, Howland, Canton, and Samoa. Farther to the west is the small atoll of Wake, and in the extreme western Pacific are Guam, only 1,300 miles from Japan, and the Philippine Islands, some 200 miles south of Japan's southernmost base in Formosa. None of these islands, however, have facilities to support large-scale operations. Those to the east are protected by the proximity of Hawaii. Wake is about equidistant from Hawaii and the large Japanese strongholds and owing to American superiority in fleet strength should probably be secure. But in operating beyond Wake the American fleet would encounter difficulties. The Caroline and Marshall Islands, taken by Japan from Germany at Versailles, have well-fortified stations at Jaluit, Ponape, Truk, Palou, Yap, and Saipan, the last very close to Guam. While it is not likely that the defenses of any of these tiny islands are very powerful, they are adequate for the support of submarines and aircraft, and they lie directly along the path of American communications between Guam and the Philippines and Hawaii. To send an American fleet to the Philippines, leaving these enemy bases in its rear unreduced, would be completely unsound from the strategical standpoint.

Unfortunately, in the event of war, in order to defend American possessions it will be necessary to attack Japan. Rubber, tin, tungsten, quinine, and other essential defense materials are imported from southeastern Asia. Intelligent national policy should long ago have assured other sources for these supplies or at least the development of substitutes, but since this precaution has not been taken, the British and Netherlands East Indies are of vital concern to the United States. And there are also the Philippines, which Theodore Roosevelt once termed the "Achilles heel" of American defense. Whether or not their acquisition was morally justified or has been economically profitable, from the defense angle it has been a pure liability. Our existing Asiatic fleet, which probably includes two cruisers and thirteen destroyers, with submarines and planes, could not for a moment defend the islands against strong attack.

Japanese naval men have always recognized that their greatest asset is the necessity of the American fleet to fight its major battle in Japanese waters. The whole strategical concept of Japanese sea power is defensive, and their ships are built for operations close to the Inland and China seas. Lacking the bases and the auxiliaries to push an offensive in American waters, Japan's attacking possibilities are limited to seizing the Philippine Islands and Guam. Gestures against the Hawaiian Islands or the American coast would be almost foredoomed to failure. Since the Aleutians and Alaska have

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been strengthened, a campaign against them would probably cost more than it would be worth; they are closer to the United States than to Japan and if captured would be hard to hold. There remains only a war of raiding and commerce destruction in the Pacific, and since the important American trade lanes are far distant from Japan, this *guerre de course* would entail long and risky voyages. It is instructive to realize that even the largest Japanese submarines could expend only slightly more than 10 per cent of their cruising capacity along the American coast. Only sixteen fleet submarines, several plane carriers, and about a dozen big cruisers have sufficient range for raiding in American waters, though the new pocket battleships reported to be nearing completion would be ideal for such use.

Now let us examine the American side of the picture. The loss of our supply of rubber, tin, and other products from the East Indies would be serious, but by cutting off oil, iron, copper, lead, zinc, cotton, and other only less vital imports from Japan we should deal it an almost fatal blow. Hit-and-run bombing raids by Japanese carrier-borne planes against our coastal cities would be possible, but the damage we could inflict on the crowded cities of Japan would be incomparably greater. The United States has more ships capable of raiding activities, they are based nearer to Japanese objectives, and the objectives themselves are more numerous and vulnerable.

Yet for all the destructiveness of such blows the United States could not win a Pacific war without bringing its navy into Japanese waters and setting up a blockade that would deprive Japan of essential raw materials. And sometime in the course of such a task, certainly before a blockade had crippled Japan's war-making abilities, we could expect a trial of strength with the Japanese navy. Our whole Pacific strategy is thus comprised in the question: how may we best meet this trial of strength?

For moving the battle fleet across the Pacific three main routes are feasible. The first leads south of the Aleutian Islands, not far north of the Great Circle steamship route to the Orient. It is close to Japanese territory, through waters that would be thick with mines and submarines, and within easy bombing range of shore-based airplanes. The second, much farther to the south, follows an almost continuous chain of small islands, many in Japanese hands, nearly to the coast of Asia. To reach the Far East by this route our navy would have to reduce the fortified points, refit them as bases, and then continue the push westward. Meanwhile, the enemy would take a constant toll of ships by means of bombers, mines, and torpedoes and could choose his own time for an attack in force. The third route has been made available by the agreement with the British permitting our navy to use British bases, particularly Singapore. This is the longer but comparatively safe route through the southern Pacific by way of Samoa, New Zealand, Australia, and the Netherlands Indies.

Great Britain's weakness in the Far East has been lack of ships; America's has been lack of bases. American naval strength operating from Britain's positions should be all but unbeatable. Detailed plans for such a campaign have, in fact, already been worked out by naval officers. A fleet based on Singapore is in position to blockade Japan with comparative ease, while obliging an enemy wanting battle to seek it under the worst possible conditions. And if Japan replies to our blockade by attacks on the Philippines and other lands to the south, the advantage of nearness to bases will rest with its enemies. Less initial strength would be needed by the fleet because the losses from enemy submarines and planes would be smaller. That the navy has decided on this course is indicated by the shipment of submarine parts to the British base in Hongkong and also by the transfer to the Atlantic of certain units of the Pacific fleet which would not be essential in a war of this type. Theoretically, this campaign should be decisive; practically, its success is a question which only the test of war can answer.

Thus the great question is: Will the United States navy be able to carry through a Pacific campaign to a victorious conclusion? In terms of battleship strength, still the recognized test of sea power, we enjoy a considerable advantage. It is true that at the beginning of 1941 our Pacific fleet contained ten units against ten for the Japanese, but numbers alone are misleading inasmuch as they convey no notion of the nearly 50 per cent stronger gun fire of the American battleships or their much heavier armor protection; four of the Japanese battle cruisers have such light armor that they are little better than death traps. By the end of 1941 Japan will have added two or possibly three new vessels to counter our own Washington and North Carolina. Even then its fleet will hardly equal ours.

In cruisers, destroyers, and other vessels auxiliary to battleships Japan will enjoy for at least a short time a superiority in numbers, especially since many American units of this type have been moved into the Atlantic. But in *fighting value* American ships of nearly every class are individually superior to foreign vessels. Our naval aircraft, even without the two plane carriers which have been sent elsewhere, will be at least equal in number to the Japanese and considerably more than equal in design, training of personnel, and everything else that goes to make up a strong air arm. Japanese naval personnel is superior to that of the army and morale is extremely high, but in technical achievements, especially in aviation, the Japanese bluejackets are not up to American standards. Nor is the industrial plant back of Japanese armaments remotely comparable to that of the United States. Witnesses report that Japanese gunnery leaves much to be desired. Fleet organization, based on a system

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of keeping many ships in reserve or only partly commissioned, is not conducive to efficient operation or thorough readiness for war. In any engagement between fairly equal forces the consensus of expert naval opinion is that the American navy would win.

If, however, it were necessary to concentrate sea power in the Atlantic, our ability to deal with Japan would be gravely impaired. Since we shall not for several years have a navy powerful enough to undertake simultaneous offensives in both oceans, it might be necessary for us to adopt a defensive in the Pacific while we dealt with Germany in the Atlantic. In that case we would leave raiders, submarines, and long-range bombers to fight Japan, and concentrate our battle fleet in the other ocean. Our light forces could probably protect the mainland of the United States plus Alaska and Hawaii, but we should certainly lose our island outposts and most of our vital trans-Pacific trade as well. Moreover, Japan would be free to attack the British and Dutch possessions in the South Seas, and any considerable success in these attacks would deprive us of the chance to fight from Singapore with the advantages of position in our hands. Necessity would then force us to take the dangerous route through the Japanese islands. American admirals, clearly understanding this situation, have been most reluctant to see even small units of their Pacific fleet sent to aid patrols in the Atlantic, although an increasing force of giant bombers has been substituted for them.

Why the Army Gripes

BY HAROLD LAVINE

I'VE just spent ten days tramping up and down Times Square, interviewing men in the uniform of the United States army—officers and enlisted men, regulars, National Guardsmen, and drafted men. The newspapers had reported that our troops were churning with disaffection. Out West, it was said, they had inaugurated their own V campaign, only instead of V they were scrawling "OHIO" on field pieces and latrine walls. And "OHIO" meant "Over the Hill in October."

I wanted to find out whether these stories were true. And if they were true, I wanted to know why.

Times Square is swarming with soldiers these days—boys from all over the country now stationed at camps in the vicinity of New York, and New Yorkers, too, come north from Georgia, South Carolina, Louisiana, and New Mexico to visit their folks. In ten days I managed to interview 352 of them, in groups of three or more. They weren't exactly taciturn. And the gallons of coke and coffee I drank with them upset me far less than what they had to say.

They weren't unpatriotic—on the contrary. And their confidence in themselves was truly amazing. My suggestion that our army was no match for Adolf Hitler's shocked them. I could almost hear them say to themselves, "Lord, is this man crazy or pro-Nazi?" "Don't worry," I was assured. "The Germans ain't so tough. We can lick them." It was the old American credo: one American, even without training, can lick ten Germans, twenty-seven Frenchmen, and God knows how many Japs.

On the other hand, with few exceptions, only the regulars liked the army. Virtually all the others detested it. They detested Roosevelt, they detested the Chief of Staff, they detested their officers. And they didn't like Congress, either. They hadn't expected Congress to vote the eighteen months' extension. "The people won't permit it," they had insisted. Scores of them, more than half the National Guardsmen, said to me, "When my year's up, I'm going over the hill. To hell with Congress. I'm going to desert." I protested, "You don't mean that, soldier. You can't." They nodded their heads and said, "The hell I can't. I'm going over the hill."

Some reporters say that if army pay were raised, living conditions improved, and decent recreational facilities provided, the disaffection would immediately cease. I wonder. I'm not arguing that $21 or $30 or even $40 is enough to pay the soldiers. I believe they deserve more. On the other hand, there is no disaffection among the regulars in the army or among the enlisted men in the navy and marine corps, who are paid at the same rate.

Other observers assert that if the United States enters the war, the patriotism of the men will overwhelm their discontent and overnight the disaffection will dissolve. The Scripps-Howard papers, for example, recently summarized the attitude of the recruits as "Let's fight or else go home." Again I wonder. I didn't hear any such talk. The overwhelming majority of the youngsters were certain that America wouldn't enter the war.

The fundamental cause of the disaffection, I am convinced, is that relatively few of the recruits have any idea why they are in the army or what the army is for. They didn't *join* the army; the army snatched them from their homes, their offices, their girls. It rushed them into uniform, stuck rifles into their hands, and now has them marching up and down in close-order drill, training—for what? The men I spoke to didn't know. They weren't America Firsters, although several of them did accuse

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the President of plotting to drag the United States into war. They were simply confused. So far as I could gather, if President Roosevelt wants to help England defeat Germany with measures short of war, that's perfectly all right with them. Relatively few of the soldiers I ran across had given the matter much thought until I asked. They neither attacked nor defended the President's foreign policy. Apparently they just didn't care.

But if the nation wasn't preparing to fight Germany, they asked me, "why this army?" Only twelve soldiers to whom I spoke were afraid that Hitler might invade our shores in the near future. "The Nazis haven't crossed the Channel, have they? How are they going to cross the ocean?" And the vast majority had no fear of what might happen if Germany were to destroy the Royal Navy. "What's the matter with the United States navy? Are we cripples?" As for what might happen five or six or seven years hence if England were to fall, "We can worry about that later. Why are they keeping us now?"

This isn't cheerful news for readers of *The Nation*. I must add that many of the recruits considered Adolf Hitler far less their enemy than Franklin D. Roosevelt. Does National Socialism threaten our economic security? As far as they personally were concerned the eighteen months' extension was an even greater threat, for they weren't too sure of finding work when they left the army. Does National Socialism threaten our civil rights? "What civil rights do we have in the army?" I was asked.

And that, I think, is the second major cause of disaffection. Almost without exception the recruits complained that privates and even non-commissioned officers are second-class citizens. They resented the army's rigid class system. "We're the lower class, you know." They had been amazed to learn that privates and non-coms couldn't date army nurses. "They're officers; we're just scum." And they couldn't understand why they weren't permitted to write letters to Congress. "Are we citizens of these United States, or ain't we?" A good case can be made for this particular regulation, and whenever I outlined it some of the soldiers nodded their heads in agreement, "Yes, that's right." Apparently their officers had never explained the rule; their officers had merely lined them up and read it—do as you're told or else.

Again and again I heard complaints about the accommodations which the railroads provide for soldiers going home on furlough. "Nigras wouldn't ride in them." What infuriated the soldiers even more was the attitude of the communities near which they were stationed. Most of the towns are small, and even if the citizens were friendly the soldiers would have difficulty meeting girls. Unfortunately, the citizens aren't friendly: as the recruits tell it, even the saloon-keepers and prostitutes resent them—for not spending enough money. The other folks in town welcome them as effusively as they would the German army. "I'm sure they lock their daughters in the cellar whenever they spy me coming," said an ex-New Jersey newspaperman just in from Georgia. "The only gals you ever run into on Main Street are pros."

The soldiers hate strikers. They also hate politicians who threaten, "If those fellows don't return to work, reclassify them, and put them in the army." More than once I was told, "Another kind of jail, that's what the army is." Judges who offer criminals the choice of "six months in prison or join the army" enrage the soldiers.

I heard some criticism of the U. S. O. The soldiers don't want charity; they want their rights. It wasn't the drive itself they criticized; it was the wording of the advertisements. A reserve officer now on active duty who had just returned from landing maneuvers in the South said to me irately: "My firm is going to pot. My wife and kids, God only knows how they manage to get along. The U. S. O. says, 'Look at this poor fellow; let's do something for him; let's get him some ping-pong rackets.' "

The inferiority complex which so many of the recruits have developed is reflected in their attitude toward Negroes. They haven't just the normal anti-Negro prejudice which you find everywhere in the United States, in the North as well as the South. They *hate* Negroes, and their hatred seems to be mounting to hysteria. They make sudden, irrelevant remarks: "Say, I read where Joe Louis is going to join the army. I hope they send him down my way. First dark night I'll shoot the bastard." They occupy themselves with the problem of whether or not to salute Negro officers. "They say it's the uniform you salute, not the man," I said. "The hell with that. I'd like to shoot them."

Still another major cause of discontent is the fact that so many of the recruits entered the army from private industry, where efficiency is worshiped. Inefficiency irritates them; they hate to see time and effort wasted. For the past twenty years the army has put a premium upon inefficiency; the officers had plenty of time and they learned to kill it like gentlemen. They learned to wrap themselves in red tape and to worry over the size and color of tent pegs. Nor has the national emergency completely roused them from this stupor; they still keep their men working at perfectly idiotic tasks. (Our army has an obscene name for them.)

The National Guardsmen are liked even less. "They just don't know anything," recruit after recruit complained. "They don't know as much as I do. And I don't know anything."

"We don't learn anything. We just waste time." That was the recurring complaint. "We haven't learned to fight"—from the same soldiers who insisted that they would lick the Germans. "All we've done is close-order drill and ——" (the obscene word). "Now they want to keep us another year or two years. With these officers they can keep us ten years. We still won't have learned to fight."

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Controlling the Forests

BY ALAN MACDONALD

NOT since the conservation crusade of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot thirty-five years ago and the furor about saving our forests which produced the Clarke-McNary cooperative fire-protection law in 1924 has government control of the nation's timber resources been such a live subject as it is today. In 1938 the present Roosevelt asked Congress to name a committee to report on the results of three centuries of unbridled private exploitation of our woodlands, or, as he put it, to investigate "the continuing process of using our forest resources without replacement." The report of the Joint Congressional Committee on Forestry is now completed, and its shocking revelations make clear the necessity of some form of public regulation of our forests. In consequence several bills providing for federal or combined state and federal control are now before Congress.

It is apparently not difficult to sell the people the idea that forests are truly a public utility, supplying us not only manifold defense and domestic materials but also the means of vital watershed and stream maintenance and the best of our vacation facilities. Forests are, moreover, so vulnerable to the ravages of nature and the greed and carelessness of man that their preservation is far beyond the control of private owners.

The story of how American forests have been depleted over the centuries is part of the education of every school child, but the process is being greatly speeded up by defense demands. Our lumber production in 1940, for example, was higher than in any year since 1929, and in 1941 will be still greater. Imports of wood pulp have dropped approximately 50 per cent from normal pre-war levels, and these imports are being replaced by increased cutting of native woods. New uses for plastics, made wholly or partly of wood, as substitutes for metal in industrial machines, household equipment, airplane making, and other fields, and new methods of curing and utilizing wood in building foreshadow a growing if not clearly measurable demand.

According to the United States Forest Service, the nation's forest lands comprise about 630,000,000 acres better suited to growing trees than any other crop. About 170,000,000 acres are too rocky or infertile to bear trees of a size or quality fit for commercial use, although these woods are valuable for watershed protection and as a refuge for wild life. That leaves about 460,000,000 acres of commercial-forest cropland, part of which is in industrial holdings and part in farm wood lots.

These lands, the Joint Congressional Committee says, are not, as a whole, kept adequately to the business of growing trees, and thus of mothering industries and providing jobs, income, and taxes. About one-fourth is in national forests. Part of this acreage was bought in by the government after being cut over by industry and is being nursed back to productivity. At present, public forests yield about 5 per cent of the timber cut. The forest lands privately owned are scattered through most of the states outside the Great Plains, with at least two-thirds of the remaining stands of saw timber in Washington, Oregon, and the South. According to conservationists, it is the condition of the whole forest area which should decide the issue of public regulation.

Its condition today presents no argument for unbridled private operation. Of the commercial forest lands, all but 100,000,000 acres, which bear the remnant of America's once vast virgin forests, was cut over at some time and then, often, abandoned. About 100,000,000 of the cut-over acres have grown over the years stands of good second-growth saw timber; some 77,000,000 are classed as definitely non-productive, with artificial planting indicated for at least one-third of them if they are again to produce saw timber in any reasonable time. Another 70,000,000 acres are growing sparse and inferior trees which without forest management will have little value. The remainder of this cut-over empire—about 100,000,000 acres—is in trees of cordwood size, many of them with years between them and saw-timber dimension.

For our saw-timber supply, then, we have the trees on about 200,000,000 acres. Foresters don't like to say how long that supply will last. Too many variables enter into the computation, such as market demand, the progress of enlightenment among the 4,000,000 forest owners, better fire, insect, and disease control, and possible public regulation. Earle H. Clapp, acting chief of the Forest Service, asserts that we are cutting or destroying our second-growth forests about as fast as they grow, and are cutting rapidly into the remnant of our virgin forests. Vice-President Wallace, when he was Secretary of Agriculture, said that in twenty years, under present practices, the privately owned timber in eastern Oregon and Washington would be pretty well exhausted, and that ten years would see the end of many private stands in western Washington. In many regions in the East native forests are so thoroughly depleted that if a home builder wants first-rate lumber he must get it from the Pacific Coast, with freight charges doubling the cost.

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The relationship between the destruction of forests and regional poverty is clear; the records show that the worst rural slums in the country are in cut-over regions. The Joint Committee report takes tax-delinquent, cut-over lands as a measure of economic and social decline and states that in the Lake states the number of such acres rose from 6,000,000 in 1929 to more than 20,000,000 in 1939, and that in Washington and Oregon the number delinquent for three years or more rose from 3,560,000 to 5,370,000. Industrial and farm stagnation, unemployment and high relief costs usually follow the incidence of tax delinquency. The most practicable means of rehabilitation, according to the report, is reforestation and sustained-yield management—to support industries, communities, and markets for farm products.

About 20 per cent of the commercial forest land is under some form of management, but in the rest ugly and uneconomic cut-overs are still being made. The Joint Committee report tells of seventy-six towns in the Pacific Northwest recently abandoned after shortsighted liquidation of adjacent forests and of seventy-seven more where the same process is under way. New forests will grow or can be grown on even completely cleared lands, but the process will take from forty to a hundred years. Acting Chief Forester Clapp, who has been occupied with the problem for thirty-five years, holds that public regulation is absolutely necessary "to stop destruction on privately owned forest land, to stop forest deterioration, which is more common, and to keep privately owned forests reasonably productive." Regulation, government acquisition and management of abused or neglected forest land, and public aid to induce better cooperation by private owners were the basic points of a forestry program which Mr. Clapp, with the backing of the Department of Agriculture, laid before the Joint Committee. Forward-looking industrialists—like the Goodmans in Wisconsin and the Crossett interests in Arkansas—have put large areas under selective-cutting plans designed to protect their own timber supply, and like the Forest Service preach the need of conserving the resource by improved forest practice. But the industry as a whole is against federal regulation to the last tree; it will take state regulation, but only where it must.

Of the three proposals for regulation now before Congress, that recommended by the Joint Committee would place control in the hands of the states, with the Secretary of Agriculture fixing minimum standards and directed to withhold certain federal grants from states failing to meet them. Another, introduced by Representative Pierce of Oregon and embodying Forest Service recommendations, calls for joint federal-state control and provides that when a state fails to set up acceptable regulation within a reasonable time the federal government shall step in and do the job. (The Forest Service believes this represents the minimum of federal participation necessary to insure the success of any regulatory plan.) The third is an alternative bill, also introduced by Representative Pierce, providing for full federal control under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. All the proposals intend that both public and private interests shall be consulted in the formulation of minimum standards in the various regions and that the owner shall have the right of review and appeal.

"The fact remains," wrote President Roosevelt in his letter asking for the Joint Committee, "that with some outstanding exceptions, most of the states, communities, and private companies have, on the whole, accomplished little to retard or check the continuing process of using up our forest resources without replacement. This being so, it seems obviously necessary to fall back on the last defensive line—federal leadership and federal action."

In the Wind

AT THE BUFFALO CONVENTION of the United Automobile Workers a five-page mimeographed memorandum on Walter Reuther was distributed to the delegates. The document, which was unsigned, accused Reuther of being a draft dodger and Communist. It quoted in full an enthusiastic letter written by Reuther from the Soviet Union in 1934. "He expressed loyalty to the Soviet Union above his loyalty to America," commented the anonymous author of the memorandum. "In 1941 he refused to serve his country in the armed services of the nation. Walter P. Reuther has not changed his mind." At the end it accused Reuther of "vicious red-baiting."

BEFORE THE WAR this country imported the gold braid used on officers' uniforms from France. When France fell, there was practically no braid on hand, and home production had to be started at once. It is now reported that we have been so successful in producing this particular defense item that we are exporting it to other countries.

A PLAN for a housing project for Negroes in a predominantly white section of Buffalo, New York, has drawn a protest from eleven "civic leaders." The reason given is simply that Negro residents always cause a decrease in property values. Among the signers of the petition are three labor leaders—the local presidents of the Tug Firemen, the Freight Handlers, and the Grain Shovelers.

THE NAZI RADIO recently broadcast greetings to "our friends in Geneva, Wisconsin." Geneva is the new home of Scribner's *Commentator*.

REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, speaking at the Madison Square Garden meeting of the Council for Democracy, listed Soviet Russia among the dictatorships. In the text of the speech handed to newspapermen this reference to the U. S. S. R. was crossed out.

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Interlude for an Isolationist

I HAVE just been looking at a picture of Senator Robert Rice Reynolds, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the United States Senate, and his fiancee sitting at a table in a bar. On the table between them are two drinks, an ash tray, and a pack of Chesterfields. Also between the Senator and his sweetheart are thirty-seven years and a difference in private income of about $80,000 a year; the young lady is the granddaughter of American plutocracy, and "Our Bob"—who supplied the possessive pronoun himself—is the people's man and the product of democracy. The young lady is laughing, and Bob, dressed young and really looking pretty young at fifty-seven, is grinning, a trifle puffy-eyed but with definite satisfaction.

The picture might carry almost any caption, "Boy Meets Girl," for instance. But if I were labeling it I'd call it "Interlude for an Isolationist," and I'd recognize it as probably more important in the politics of the United States of America than any of the votes "Our Bob" has cast in the Senate which have made the patriots furious. Bob got into the Senate in the first place on the basis of a wedding, and there seems now more chance of his getting out on that basis than as the result of any public indignation about his attitude, even if it serves Hitler as directly as some of his opponents have charged.

I don't happen to be one of the admirers of Senator Reynolds's statesmanship. I was opposed to the seniority rule in the Senate before it pushed Bob up into the position—ridiculous in the light of his pacifist views—of chairman of the Military Affairs Committee in a time of national emergency. But if anybody thinks Bob is secretly serving a foreign power, he does not realize that Bob has never yet been passionately interested in any problem outside his own hide. If men mistake his motions in waving flags and attacking helpless foreign minorities in the United States for fascism, they neglect the fact that he is the almost pure product of democracy as it exists among us. No political machine, no poll tax brought about his political elevation. He seemed a fluke once, but he has been elected twice by his state. And he was advanced to his eminence in military matters by the rule adhered to by all the Senators from all the states.

Bob understands the potency of pictures. On his travels, which have principally underlined the truth that the traveler is the same man at the end of his journey, he has for years sent back picture postcards to his constituents. R. F. D. routes have been enlivened by bright blue Mediterranean skies, the Pyramids by moonlight, the Taj Mahal. They pleased. He seems to have a similar faith in the effectiveness of pictures of himself. He photographs fairly well. No harm was done by the view of the muscular and enthusiastic manner in which he kissed the late Jean Harlow against the background of the Senate Office Building. As chairman of the Military Affairs Committee, he at least looks militant driving a jeep up and down the Capitol steps with a cargo of jolting fellow-Senators. In our democracy, in which he plays the Southern gallant like a heavy-handed Hollywood actor playing a Southern part, he is a sort of poor man's peacock strutting and kissing where the boys in the filling stations would like to kiss and strut, too.

He realizes, I think, that pictures may make a more lasting impression than votes. But from his point of view, he is no voting fool. Even the votes which to the country seemed to confirm his fascism actually underscored his understanding of his particular democracy. Behind his campaign to take all compassion out of the immigration laws was a constituency which contained fewer of the foreign-born than any other in America and, as a corollary, greater distrust of the unknown. Similarly, I think, his voting now is less related to the welfare of the world in 1941 than to the welfare of Robert Rice Reynolds in 1944. That is when the war in which "Our Bob" is interested will take place. He comes up for reelection then. By that time the threat of war may be over and only the taxes remain, or a war itself may be over and reaction from its elevated patriotism have set in. My bet is that that is Bob's bet. And it seems a pretty good one. The only thing that threatens it is not war in the world but Bob's wedding in Washington—his fifth incidentally.

He got into the Senate in the first place by making fun of the plutocracy of former Senator Cameron Morrison, who had married a rich wife. Once in, he merely had to ride the years to become boss man of the Senate's Military Affairs Committee. Now Bob is marrying into the family that owns the Hope diamond, which never carried good luck. And Cameron Morrison grins and says, "From now on even I can lick him."

Statesmanship or the lack of it, home or Hitler, are beside the point.

They used to say in the pool rooms, "Ain't Bob a card?"

Ain't America?

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Rauschning's Apologia

THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION. By Hermann Rauschning. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

THIS is the fourth volume by the former Nazi president of the once Free City of Danzig. The first two were interesting on account of their inside information about Hitler, his methods and his aims. They also contained philosophical interpretations of very doubtful value, which, however, made a great impression on those purveyors of democratic verbiage who were thankful for Rauschning's simple short cut through many practical and theoretical difficulties—namely, his equation of communism and Nazism as the twin grandchildren of Karl Marx.

In his third volume Mr. Rauschning indulged in a rather dated mode of German idealistic contemplation of metaphysics and—as he likes to do under all circumstances—in big words and symbolic phrases of vague and ambiguous meaning. At the same time he managed to speak with sympathy of Pilsudski and Dollfuss. Their ruthless suppressions of democracy in Poland and Austria were called attempts to give democracy "a new meaning." The French people liked peace more than honor, and only their Catholic generals had better and deeper thoughts—the same generals, mind you, who sabotaged the war against Hitler and are today collaborating with him. But are they not doing it in the name of the principles to which, as we shall see, Mr. Rauschning adheres today no less than he did ten years ago when he joined the Nazi Party? Only—and such are the great possibilities of the application of metaphysical concepts to practical politics—under Pétain and Darlan Nazism and communism are not to be confused any more.

Mr. Rauschning's new volume consists of letters in which he attempts to explain why he joined the Nazi Party and why he left it—long after the Reichstag fire, the pogroms, the establishment of the concentration camps, and even long after the blood purge in which friends of his disappeared forever. Surely an explanation of what seemed a mystery in the light of Mr. Rauschning's later and personally courageous stand against Hitlerism should be of great interest, especially today when people of Mr. Rauschning's type try to repeat on an international scale—by appeasement—what he did in Germany. And the suspense with which one starts to read "The Conservative Revolution" is further heightened by a preface in which the author says: "I agree still, as I did ten years ago, with the considerations that originally led me to join the Nazis, because I still think that those considerations were essentially right and conclusive."

In defending his fatal, and politically and humanly unforgivable, early alignment with Hitler, Mr. Rauschning starts off with a quotation from an essay by the Austrian writer Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who thought that he had discovered the development of "a counter-movement to that intellectual upheaval of the sixteenth century which we call, in its two aspects, Renaissance and Reformation." Hofmannsthal gave this imagined movement the name "conservative revolution." Mr. Rauschning and his political friends, so he assures us, felt that this revolution was their cause. It was to be a grandiose stroke against the French and Bolshevik revolutions, historically justified because in them "the current of destruction introduced by the great secular movement of human emancipation is going far beyond the natural rhythm of destruction and rebuilding." Mr. Rauschning attributes nothing less to this unreasonable behavior of mankind or history, as he sees it, than the "absolute and irrevocable sacrifice of the very nature of man, of the human qualities formed by the untold thousands of years of man's social existence." I have not read in a long time a more presumptuous statement.

Mr. Rauschning and his friends were out to save man and his natural human qualities. But, practically, how could they proceed? "The masses, my friend," says Mr. Rauschning, "are the dominating feature of the new stage of things in all civilized countries." And "the respectable vote falls and falls," he complains. So what could the few remaining respectable voters do to preserve mankind from self-destruction? They started first of all to look for a mass base. Yet the "phenomenon of the masses" was an intricate one: "How was it to be got rid of as a political force and menace to any political order? We hoped help from Nazism in this." The masses "must be made non-political by a mass movement and then set limits to themselves or, rather, give themselves a new form in which they are no longer masses but an articulated, ordered community with a public function, though a restricted one." The "demagogy, propaganda, political intoxication, and hysteria" of Nazism Mr. Rauschning and his friends accepted because they believed that "there was no other way" of gaining political power or of disciplining the masses. Of course Mr. Rauschning admits today that he and his friends were in error in accepting "these things." Yet, he insists, "only by joining the Nazi Party" did there seem "still to be any chance of saving democracy." Or—and this seems the peak of confusion, not only in view of the plague Hitlerism became but in view of what it represented from the beginning—"Our sense of the necessity of re-Christianization was one of the reasons for trying to work with Nazism." Father Coughlin may understand this argument; I don't.

Summing up, Mr. Rauschning says, "We erred in our choice of means, but I do not know who could have avoided our error in that crisis." Well, I know many a truly conservative and Christian man who easily avoided that error, Pastor Niemöller, for example, to name only one; and not to speak of the "masses," the millions of simple German people who had to be terrorized, enslaved, and treated like cattle and worse in order to give the great Christian Rauschning a chance to save their natural human qualities.

To give his arguments some basis Mr. Rauschning paints the whole period of "human emancipation" as a period of decline, the years after World War I as foul years in every

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respect, and the Weimar Republic as the cradle of every ensuing evil. Hitler's anti-Semitism is nothing but the counterpart of the theory of class struggle, and of course he didn't take it seriously for a moment. One does not know whether to cry or laugh at such nonsense.

As an involuntary portrait of the confused mind of persons of a certain type and level, "The Conservative Revolution" is not without value. A better title for the book would have been "Revolutionary Reaction."

FRANZ HOELLERING

Critics at Work

THE INTENT OF THE ARTIST. Edited with an Introduction by Augusto Centeno. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

INVITATION TO LEARNING. By Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren. Random House. $3.

THE first of these two books is valuable chiefly as containing the best account of musical meaning and the musician's purpose that I have come across in English. This account is Roger Sessions's contribution to a series of Princeton lectures on the difficult subject of what the arts are about and, even more importantly, what the artists are about. The other contributors to the symposium are Sherwood Anderson on the literary imagination, Thornton Wilder on playwriting, William Lescaze on architecture, and Augusto Centeno on the general topic set for his collaborators. In his witty, though occasionally overloaded, introduction, Professor Centeno makes the point that "art is a symbolic possession of life"—he might have said that it is "equivalent sensation"—but Mr. Sessions is the only one who convincingly specifies for his own art in what way that possession, that man-made equivalence, occurs. He does it almost wholly by means of the word "gesture," which reveals as the particular symbolism of music its power to embody tensions and psychological movement below the surface of ideas, emotions, and themes. His amplification of the term is as free from preciousness as his analysis of examples is free from academic lumber, and the essay is from all points of view a classic utterance.

After this clearing up of the old cant of "melted architecture," Mr. Lescaze's dialogue on the frozen article is at once tedious and irrelevant. I remain an admirer of Mr. Lescaze's buildings, and a future biographer may be interested in what the designer chose to write, but this particular effort to overcome imaginary prejudices and to prove the obvious by a sort of baby talk only proves once more that not every artist is a critic and that understanding a subject implies no articulateness about it.

The literary men are articulate enough, yet Mr. Wilder seems to me needlessly dry in his outline of what a successful play does. He seems to be teaching Freshman English rather than getting at the intent of the artist, and the good things he says are all by the way. As for Sherwood Anderson's charming piece, it is at least in part a reprint from "Life and Letters," where the casual comments of the story-teller on his art, including a bit of verse, a bit of narrative, and a bit of confession, were more at home than in this would-be critical symposium.

On all counts a truer symposium and a more critical is the published version of twenty-seven radio discussions of great books by Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate, Mark Van Doren, and occasional guests. The tone of voice, of course, is missing, which robs the dialogue of some of its humor—and good humor. But its speed and sharpness remain to delight the reader and to instruct the innocent about the profound *dis*sensus of critical opinion on the world's "acknowledged" masterpieces. Mr. Van Doren has provided terse summaries of historical fact and judgment preceding each discussion, and the volume is a splendid denial of the blurb on the jacket, which invites shame and contradiction by the bandwagon formula of "America is rediscovering the classics."

JACQUES BARZUN

The Battle of France

A THOUSAND SHALL FALL. By Hans Habe. Translated by Norbert Guterman. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THIS is the first account of the Battle of France that we have had from a soldier who fought in the ranks of the French army. Hans Habe is a Hungarian journalist and novelist, an anti-fascist who enlisted with the Twenty-first Foreign Volunteers at the outbreak of the war. Shortly before the armistice he was captured by the Germans and interned in a prison camp, from which he escaped after nearly two months. Taken simply as a story of personal adventure, "A Thousand Shall Fall" offers as much exciting reading as any book that has thus far come out of the war. Habe's flight through occupied France to the free zone matches anything in "Out of the Night" for sheer melodrama. If this aspect of the book insures a wide reading for it in this country, we should be grateful indeed for the author's skill in narrative, for what Habe's story reveals in the way of evidence concerning the nature of the French defeat points a lesson so vital for us that its importance cannot be overemphasized.

There can be little doubt that most of the French generals didn't want to fight the war which had been forced on them after the utter collapse of appeasement, and no attempt was made during the breathing space of the "phony war" to explain to the French troops what was at stake; instead, they were disciplined. "Since discipline was something unpleasant, it followed that if a soldier's life was made unpleasant enough, he would automatically learn discipline." When the Germans attacked in the Low Countries, the French army began what Habe calls a "flight forward." The men were endlessly marched to the frontier by circuitous routes, and arrived at the front exhausted. The lack of organization was incredible; officers frequently had no maps and were ignorant of their objectives. At the front there were no mobile kitchens, so that the soldiers sometimes went without food for days. Habe's division, the Thirty-fifth, drove a wedge into the German army of Sedan and held it for three weeks—and then was ordered to retreat. Officers who refused to obey the command to retreat when there was no necessity for doing so were relieved, and in many places troops that had not even made contact with the Germans were withdrawn into the interior. The army that had been

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called the best in the world quickly disintegrated into a mob whose slogan was *sauve qui peut.*

The French defeat was not entirely the result of insufficient preparation and stupid generalship. What chiefly brought about the tragedy of France was the lack of a will to resist. The Battle of France was not so much battle as it was window-dressing. The men who are now high in the councils of the Vichy government used the war as a device whereby they could deliver their country to fascism without seeming to do so too obviously. How well they succeeded may be seen in the fact that many Americans still prefer to believe that the French were defeated because they were "degenerate," or because they were infected with Maginotitis, or because the Popular Front sabotaged military production. But not all Frenchmen were deceived. Habe's lieutenant told him this before the surrender: "We Frenchmen . . . were in the midst of a civil war when the Germans overran us. . . . They make it look as though Frenchmen are fighting Germans. . . . But this was a war of Frenchmen against Frenchmen. And no one told us." That civil war is one that recognizes no national borders, no hemisphere lines, and it is the same war that engages us now.

Hans Habe has performed an inestimable service for the country which affords him asylum today. We have already had several good accounts of the death of the French Republic—particularly Heinz Pol's "Suicide of a Democracy" —but nothing as vivid and as moving as "A Thousand Shall Fall," which makes it clear that France's democracy was not killed on the battlefield. Surely the significance of that fact for Americans is obvious. WILLIAM JAY GOLD

John Wheelwright

SELECTED POEMS. By John Wheelwright. New Directions. $1.

ONLY once did this reviewer have the good fortune to meet John Wheelwright, but that once was enough to impress upon him how pertinacious and eccentric the poet as a person was willing to be in being honest. Hence the crotchets, humors, and particularities which crowd his verse are evidence of how much of one piece he was. Such consistency is enough to give others a feeling of guilt. Yet it also affords us a clue to the causes of the defects of Wheelwright's poetry. He has left us a body of work which is something to be reckoned with, but there is little into which we can sink our teeth, little that is completed and rounded off, capable of standing by itself, largely independent of the accidents of the very personal. The events which gave rise to the poetry are not sufficiently removed from their private contexts in the poet's mind; they have not been allowed to subside and cool off into art.

To make his experience, or what he makes of his experience, available to others, the artist must be dishonest with himself to some extent. John Wheelwright was not able or not willing to practice the necessary insincerities of communication; this absolute honesty sanctioned the bewildering, misleading, and seemingly captious items that fill his poems, underneath which the reader will often look in vain for the directive logic, poetic or otherwise, that should organize and sustain them. They seem to be justified by little except the fact that they were of the poet's mind when the poems took place there. But the *real* poet—and Wheelwright was one—should not be too honest. He should have some amount of social expertness, be something of a hypocrite, if only to be good at his craft. Otherwise the intensity and the uniqueness with which he feels will choke him.

There are, however, several very successful poems in this rather limited selection—a selection I do not think quite fair to the sum of Wheelwright's work. "Fish Food, an Obituary to Hart Crane" moves in its alexandrines like a wave toward a beach, gathering emotion and setting down that emotion at the inevitably right last moment. The short satirical and epigrammatic poems are particularly good of their kind. There the poet, being forced to revolve his poem around a single point, hasn't the pretext for divagation and must concentrate what he says into one small, but very sharp, bite. The gnomic flavor of Wheelwright's poetry makes the bite all the sharper —once it is felt. CLEMENT GREENBERG

Bennington Festival: 1941

LAST summer, when the Bennington School of Dance expanded to take in music and drama, there was some apparent faltering in that unified drive which for five years had energized its program. This year's festival shows unhappily no solution reached, but rather confusion more advanced. Not only have the arts failed to collaborate interestingly, but the separate fields have themselves lost vitality. Only in Martha Graham and the workers around her have the school's new aims found fruition. One wants to say, though, that their work is a miracle of sufficient growth to compensate for the rest; even if that rest miss the same ends because they refuse the lesson of Miss Graham's method.

Music continued with Ralph Kirkpatrick's harpsichord recitals of seventeenth-century music, and a modern composers' program directed by Henry Cowell. Both were well done, but both seemed lost out on the edges somewhere: precious, self-conscious of oddity, part piffle. Drama, after last year's exciting music-dance experiment with "Huck Finn," has withdrawn to the town movie with a weekly bill compounded curiously of vaudeville, Molière's "School for Wives," Mozart's "Impresario," and "The Barker." The Molière and Mozart were not offered in festival week. What this misalliance adds up to it is hard to see. There are surely enough summer theaters, and so many drearily doing "The Barker" (with Ann Corio). And there are Tanglewood and several opera companies, with names and facilities, playing important Mozart. Bennington will never become a mecca by offering such pabulum as this.

In dance, "Decade," the new full-evening piece of Charles Weidman and Doris Humphrey, is self-described as reminiscence, an interim work. Using snatches of their best dances, they tell the story of ten years' partnership, from a "Vision of a New Life" (sic) through "The Path to Realization" (sick). This doubtless has value as dance history and for an audience of devotees. But their repertory season this year, with numerous revivals, achieved the same end, allowed one to see the dances entire. Here they are only a means to

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the story; and that story is mainly one of the long struggle with the antagonist, Mr. Business. His is the only speaking part, done off stage with loud-speakers. This effect, the settings, and some of the sequences (the opera episode) provide moments of entertainment and beauty. But in treating autobiographical material the dancers have indulged in a great deal of bathetic self-dramatization. Every artist struggles with Mr. Business, but the struggle is precisely that, a business one. His central combat is with his medium and his creative demon; and only there lie the real pity and drama of his situation.

It is possible that the abatement of creative energy comes from a too great emphasis and dependence on the talents of Humphrey and Weidman. In their company Beatrice Seckler danced with her usual spirited style, and Charles Hamilton moved throughout like "the real thing." Here are dancers, perhaps choreographers, to build with.

Martha Graham's program comprised two dances first seen last summer, "El Penitente" and "Letter to the World," and a new offering, "Punch and the Judy." They reveal in vision and revision why she is the most progressive of American theater artists; why she reaches an ever larger audience; why her work takes rank with the most profound modern art. For instance, I felt last year that "El Penitente" was flawed by Merce Cunningham's too young face and costume as the Christ. I found this year that he had been given a mask, a black robe. Not only is this the right revision, but as he now appears, the effect is a real bull's-eye in theatricality. The whole piece has taken precise form as a naive rite, not only of Southwestern cult, but of all Mediterranean Catholicism. Graham's Magdalene is Carmen and the cigar-box girl with the rose. Her Mary is not only Ruth Draper's peasant madonna but also the baroque Pietà of Michelangelo.

"Letter to the World," the Emily Dickinson legend using her poetry as libretto, has benefited even more from this genius for reworking. The most revealing change is that the two selves of the poet are no longer named The One in Red and The One in White, an arbitrary and limiting differentiation. Now they are The One Who Dances and The One Who Speaks; this increase in meaning cuts down to the skeletal bases of the drama. "Letter" is surely the apex of that American dance which began with Isadora Duncan. And though its "book" is a mere arrangement of old poems, it points toward the deepest drama of this century.

The new piece, "Punch and the Judy," resembles in style "Every Soul Is a Circus"; but it is more sophisticated and wider in reference. Scuffle and squabble of man and woman and child, "affairs" and dreams: the plushy verbiage is spoken by one of three Burne-Jones Fates, and comes from scattered introductions to Gordon Craig's puppet plays. Erick Hawkins, having found at last a way to laugh at himself, is really funny. Graham creates the Judy with a Chaplin classicism, the inane bitchery of Bea Lillie. Real clowning, her comedy makes broadest hits with a wrist flip, a turn of toe. Its line is as local as Hogarth, as modernly universal as James Thurber. Because she has already so truly caught the most serious "mysteries" of our living, her humor is a pure one: dry, hilarious, contained.

And the reason these gratuities of the ridiculous and the sublime increase for us year by year is that they proceed from that prime theater virtue—humility. There is no "personality" here; all is sacrificed to the independent life of the work, only fluidity till the shown life cuts to its one right form. There is a guiding sensibility, but the art draws freely from everywhere, everyone. There is none of the despotism of the specialist or the diva. Louis Horst, Arch Lauterer, Erick Hawkins, Merce Cunningham, Jane Dudley, Jean Erdman—each grows at his own speed, within his own range. This is the ability to work together, collaboration; and for this there is no exhaustion, no stopping point. This is what the Bennington School needs to learn, as well as the theater as a whole. And the world outside the theater, too.

SHERMAN CONRAD

"The most complete and well organized picture of Germany and its conquered countries which has, up to now, been bound between two covers. THE SPOIL OF EUROPE should be read by every American who is interested in what the Nazi system means to this country and the world. There exists no other picture of Nazi economic practices in Europe so complete and so well prepared."—*DOUGLAS MILLER, author of "You Can't Do Business with Hitler."* $2.75

THE SPOIL OF EUROPE

THE NAZI TECHNIQUE IN POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC CONQUEST

By THOMAS REVEILLE

With a Foreword by Raymond Gram Swing

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IN BRIEF

NOT WITHOUT HONOR. By Vivian Parsons. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

A robust novel about the Americanization of Joe La Tendresse, a young French Canadian who came to a mining town in northern Michigan and, unlike his stubbornly cliquish fellow-countrymen, buckled down to the job of making himself in both name and spirit a citizen of the United States.

SCHOOL FOR ETERNITY. By Harry Hervy. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A cleverly mechanized novel in which a random group of eight men and women are brought together as guests of a diabolical count on a Western island a couple of days before a disastrous earthquake shatters the place. As in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," these eight people are dissected separately, with no startling profundity but with a good deal of wit, rendered more pungent by the sense of impending catastrophe.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

HANNA, CRANE, AND THE MAUVE DECADE. By Thomas Beer. Knopf. $3.75.

YUCATAN. By Lawrence Dame. Random House. $3.

FROM MY HIGHEST HILL. By Olive Tilford Dargan. Lippincott. $3.50.

CARL SANDBURG. By Karl Detzer. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE GROUND WE STAND ON. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO. By Wilbur Dwight Dunkel. Chicago University Press. $1.50.

I AM AN AMERICAN. By Famous Naturalized Americans. Alliance. $1.50.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE. Talleyrand and the Congress of Vienna. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Putnam. $3.50.

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM. By Erich Fromm. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE. By Michael Hrushevsky. Edited by O. J. Frederiksen. Yale University Press. $4.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION. By W. Ivor Jennings. Macmillan. $2.50.

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865. By Margaret Leech. Harper. $3.50.

THE RED DECADE. By Eugene Lyons. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

THE FOLK CULTURE OF YUCATAN. By Robert Redfield. University of Chicago Press. $3.50.

BUSINESS AS USUAL. The First Year of Defense. By I. F. Stone. Modern Age. $2.

RECORDS

BEECHAM'S first sensational concert with the New York City Symphony last spring opened with a performance of the Suite which he had put together from Handel's "Faithful Shepherd." From Columbia we now get this fine music performed with the tonal beauty and exquisite finish that Beecham could achieve with his own superb London Philharmonic Orchestra (Set 458, $3.50). The performance is beautifully recorded; but, as in the case of the recent set of Mozart's Symphony K. 543, there are the occasional swish and other noises that indicate imperfect processing. These latest Beecham sets, with Victor's latest Furtwängler sets, show that the English companies had reached the point, in 1939, where they were recording orchestras with a refinement of beautiful, balanced, spacious, cleanly defined sound that we don't hear in even the best American orchestral recordings—Stokowski's and Ormandy's with the Philadelphia Orchestra. But the swish on the minuet side of the Beecham version of Mozart's K. 543 and the similar defects in his "Faithful Shepherd" set show that Columbia, many of whose own orchestral recordings are bad, cannot even process perfectly the fine recordings it gets from London.

One of those bad Columbia orchestral recordings is to be heard in the set (459, $4.50) of Haydn's Symphony No. 101 ("Clock") made by Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony. The performance would not in any case lead one to forget the sharp contours and transparent textures and beautiful plastic proportions of Toscanini's in the old Victor set; but in addition the recorded sound of it, as it comes from a high-fidelity machine, is nasal, shrill, brash, unclear.

Nor has Columbia done a good job recording Guiomar Novaos's performances of Albeniz's fine piano pieces, "Triana" and "Evocacion" (71171-D, $1). But then the performances themselves are not good jobs: the blurred contours and textures are as much in the playing as in the recording.

Walter Piston's Sonata for violin and piano, well played by Louis Krasner and the composer (Set X-199, $2.50), is very impressive in the accompanying notes, where "Piston is one of the few who has achieved a perfect balance between the underlying idea of a musical work and its form of expression," and where Piston himself says he has sought, in this work, "clarity of form, simplicity and directness of style, and continuity of melodic expression" and "hoped to make music that players will want to play and that listeners will want to hear." But it is hard for me to imagine anyone discovering in the actual sound of the work any interesting idea, any interesting melody, style, form, any reason for wanting to play the work or listen to it.

The remaining August releases, Victor's set of Beethoven's Quartet Op. 18, No. 2, played by the Budapest Quartet and Columbia's of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture played by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, still have not arrived.

Columbia's hot jazz reissues continue with a volume of 1925 and 1926 performances by Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five (C-57, $2.50): "Gut Bucket Blues" and "Yes! I'm in the Barrel" (36152), "Muskat Ramble" and "Skid-Dat-De-Dat" (36153), "Cornet Chop Suey" and "My Heart" (36154), "You're Next" and "Oriental Strut" (36155). I don't care much about the first two; but the others are good examples of the powerful early Armstrong ensemble and solo style.

B. H. HAGGIN

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